

## Daydream Believer

Oh, I could hide beneath the wings  
Of the bluebird as she sings.  
The six o'clock alarm would never ring.  
But it rings and I rise,  
Wipe the sleep out of my eyes.  
My shaving razor's cold and it stings.

Cheer up, Sleepy Jean.  
Oh, what can it mean.  
To a daydream believer  
And a homecoming queen.

You once thought of me  
As a white knight on a steed.  
Now you know how happy I can be.  
Oh, and our good times start and end  
Without dollar one to spend.  
But how much, baby, do we really need.

Chorus X 2

[Instrumental interlude]

Cheer up, Sleepy Jean.  
Oh, what can it mean.  
To a daydream believer  
And a homecoming queen.  
[Repeat and fade]